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The Lantern, Chester S.C.- December 21, 1897

J T. Bigham

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THE LANTERN.

VOL. 1. No. 22.

CHESTER, S. C., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1897.

PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
Subscription Price, \$2.00 Cash.

THE RODDEY PLAN.

John T. Roddey Makes the Cotton Situation Plain in a Few Words.

By the Editor of Yorkville Enquirer.

Is it not a self-evident fact that if the Southern Cotton Planters' Union can control the marketing (and not necessarily the actual cotton) of the visible supply, or an amount equal to the visible supply, that an operator cannot possibly sell any cotton short and deliver it?

Is not the visible supply of cotton, over six months of the year, under two and one-quarter million bales, and often around one million bales; and if a Union could control one-quarter of a nine million bale crop—which is two and one-quarter million bales—could, for six months, cotton be used, or sold short, and be delivered without the aid of the Union?

Is it not a fact that with less than a stock of one hundred thousand bales in New York, over one hundred thousand bales of futures per day are sold on an average, and with the Union controlling the visible supply, would it be two days till this stock would be taken, and could an operator sell any more and deliver? Knowing of this stock on hand for their purposes, did not operators depress the price in two months about \$10 per bale, aided by the knowledge also, that on account of your poverty, many would sell at any price they cared to fix as soon as gathered? Could they have done so had there been an organization?

When your mills had oversold, or rather had not bought, did they not bring cotton at 8 1/2 cents from New York to their mills; and did not the southern farmer, two months later, sell the same grade of cotton, and in the same locality, at 5 cents; a profit to the operator of \$17.50 for the simple use of his cotton for two months? Would it not be impossible for northern mills to compete with southern mills that have the same machinery, no freight to pay on cotton, half-priced labor and longer hours, were it not for their shrewdness in getting their supply so much cheaper by manipulating the market?

Could an organized company, with every advantage, receive less than the market price for cotton; or could an individual producer with no advantages receive more? Could a farmer in allowing a Union market one-fourth of his cotton, possibly lose anything; and is it not likely if professional operators did not know how much more than a fourth the Union might handle, that he would, of necessity, get very much more for the three-fourths he should market?

When in one year there has been 50,000,000 bales of futures traded in New York, and receipts only 107,000 bales, and actual spot sales only 103,000, futures must, of necessity, fix the price, and by an organization you can control the visible supply, do you not absolutely eliminate this depression of prices?

Is it not known by all sections and countries that the southern farmers' notes and obligations fall due practically when cotton is gathered; and is it not natural that other sections and countries, knowing this and having you in their power, would hold you there as long as you would submit?

Is not the farmer the only class of organized labor, and the only class of people absolutely powerless, that have their labor traded upon and the price fixed in advance by speculation?

All classes are affected. Are you all satisfied? Yours respectfully,
JOHN T. RODDEY.
New York, December 2, 1897.

There's lots of religion in a beef-steak if you give it to the right man at the right time, says Jerry McCauley.

SIN OF BLOODGUILTINESS.

Bishop Capers Issues a Strong Address on the Subject.

Bishop Capers has issued the following address to the clergy of the Episcopal church in general, and to ministers of all denominations in general:

Diocese of South Carolina, Episcopal Residence, Columbia, S. C., December 1, 1897.

To the Clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of South Carolina, and to our Brethren, and all other ministers of the Gospel throughout the State, Greeting:

Beloved in the Lord: At the last meeting of our diocesan council the following preamble and resolutions were adopted, to wit:

Whereas, the growing disregard of human life has caused the crime of homicide to become more and more prevalent and flagrant in our land, until the blood-guiltiness of our people has become an offense and crying shame to the sensibilities of the church and State; and believing that public opinion should be greatly influenced, and can be most safely formed upon the principles of Christian morality—

Resolved, That this council do express its solemn condemnation of this terrible evil; and in order to arouse a wholesome public sentiment upon this most serious subject,

Resolved, further, That the bishop be requested to call upon the clergy of the diocese to preach upon some Sunday, to be appointed by him, against the awful crime.

Resolved, further, That the bishop be requested to issue an address praying in the name of this council, the co-operation of the clergy of all churches and religious denominations in this effort, and requesting them to join the clergy of this church upon one day to be so appointed, in preaching upon one subject, and appealing to the people of the State to put away the curse of blood-guiltiness, which cries out, alas! from the land, against us.

In compliance with the action of council, I beg to address you this letter. The sin of murder is upon us. Homicides are of frequent and distressing occurrence, and in our judgement, the public conscience needs to be instructed and the public mind aroused to a sense of the danger which threatens the character of our people.

They need to be instructed upon the sacredness of human life as a gift of Almighty God whose prerogative it is to take what He alone can give.

Without warrant from Him, no man may lawfully take his brother's life.

The soldier on the battlefield, the officer of the law in discharge of his prescribed duties, the citizen in defence of his own life, may take life without incurring the guilt of murder, for they act by warrant of delegated authority of "rulers," who are "God's ministers," and "bear the sword" by divine authority "to punish evil doers," but such murders have of late outraged the law of God and degraded the sacredness of life and dishonored the courage and character of our people, can lay no claim whatsoever to the sanction of divine authority.

We feel, beloved, that public sentiment needs to be aroused to a higher and nobler estimate of human life. We call upon our clergy to rebuke the murderer, and to proclaim the law of the Almighty God given to consecrate and bless the life of every man made in His image, upheld by His providence, and redeemed by the precious blood of His only Son, our Savior, Jesus Christ.

I therefore appoint Sunday, Dec. 10, the fourth Sunday in Advent, on which day I call upon the clergy

of the diocese to preach against the crime of murder, now so prevalent in our State; and I most respectfully invite our brethren, the ministers of Christ of all denominations, to unite with us on that day in upholding the majesty of God's law, the sacredness of human life and honor of our beloved State.

Faithfully,

ELLISON CAPERS,
Bishop of the Diocese of South Carolina.

PREPARING FOR THE FIGHT.

The New Hope Burying Ground, the Place Where the Whigs Assembled the Night Before the Attack on Mobley's Meeting House.

Editor News and Herald:

I have recently received some additional information, relating to the battle at Mobley's Meeting House, which, I think, will be interesting to many of your readers. It is the tradition of the neighborhood of New Hope A. R. P. Church, that the place appointed for the meeting of the Whigs of York and Chester and Fairfield before the contemplated attack on the Tories and British at Mobley's Meeting House, was the slope of the hill near the present site of the New Hope grave-yard, and near the old road, formerly known in that vicinity as the old Cornwallis road. I am informed by Mr. K. Wade Rice, of Woodward, who formerly lived very near this church, that, when he was a boy, he was at this grave yard, where Mr. David Pinks, of that neighborhood, was superintending the digging of a grave; he found there an ounce ball, and was told by Mr. Pinks that he supposed that it was one of the balls which was shot by the Whigs at that place, on the night before the attack on the Tories at Mobley's Meeting House. Mr. Pinks then informed him that he was told by David Wilson, an old Revolutionary soldier, who formerly lived there, that the Fairfield Whigs were, on that night, lying on the slope of that hill awaiting the arrival of the Whigs of York and Chester, for whom they had sent a "runner," and that each party of Whigs, mistaking each other for Tories, fired at each other, but the mistake was fortunately discovered before any one was hurt.

It is also a tradition in that neighborhood, that Captain Robert Carnaghan was the leader of the Whigs of that section. I find from old deeds recorded in the Clerk's office, that two hundred acres of land, embracing the site of New Hope church, was granted to Robert Carnaghan in 1786. Probably he lived on this land in 1780, as very frequently lands were occupied by settlers, before the grant to the land was issued by the State. Benjamin Carnaghan, by deed dated the 17th day of November, 1806, as 10th day, and heir-at-law of Robert Carnaghan, deceased conveyed his land to John Cathcart, which is described in the deed as follows: "All that plantation or tract of land containing two hundred acres, except one acre given by his father for the use of the Presbyterian Society, on which a meeting house now stands, originally granted to Robert Carnaghan, father of the said Benjamin, on the 6th day of February, 1786, and hath a memorial thereof entered in the secretary's office in Grant Book F. F. F. F., page 21—said land situate in Camden District on the waters of Little River, and hath such shape, marks and boundaries as appear on a plat thereof annexed to the original grant." The same land was subsequently conveyed by John Cathcart to Samuel Cathcart, in 1811, and by Samuel Cathcart to James Brice, Sr., in 1831, and by James Brice, Sr., to his son Dr. Walter Brice, the father of R. Wade Brice, in 1835, and in all those deeds, the

same reference is made to the original grant to Robert Carnaghan, deceased, and one acre is reserved and described as "one acre given by Robert Carnaghan for the use of the Presbyterian Society, on which a meeting house now stand."

The "meeting house" referred to in each of these deeds, is the old building which was long used as a schoolhouse, and stood on the opposite side of the road, and south of the lane which led to the residence of Dr. Walter Brice, now the home of his widow, Mrs. Emma Brice. Near this old building there were several graves. In one of them, have been informed, Robert Carnaghan was buried; but no headstone was ever placed there to designate the place of his burial.

His son, Benjamin Carnaghan, I have been informed, removed many years ago to Alabama.

The church building which was used by the New Hope congregation, prior to the late war, and until the present church was built, is situated two or three hundred yards above where the old building mentioned in the deeds above referred to, was located.

A. S. DOUGLAS.

VALUE OF A VOTE.

A Dejected Independent Calls on the Editor to Calculate it.

Beloved Sentinel.

It was the morning after the election a weary faced patient eyed man came into our office and said: "I want you to make a few figures for me, I'm a little unstrung today and can't trust myself." We recognized him as a dejected independent candidate for the Legislature and a good fellow in his way. We signified our willingness to accommodate him. Wherefore he drew forth a little note book with the explanation: "You see I have been keeping a little account of my expenses in this canvass; I wanted to find out what it would cost me you know. I set the items down as they came and I think I've got just about all of them there may be a few which I overlooked. I want to see what each vote cost me. Are you ready? Well put down independent candidate for the Legislature, received 911 votes. Cost six months and 28 days time, 1377 hours sleep, four acres of tobacco, twenty-five acres of corn, whole sweet potato patch, two front teeth and one handful of hair. Gave away 831 papers of garden seed, ninety-seven pugs of tobacco, 803 drinks of whiskey, thirty-seven Sunday school books, two pair of suspenders, four calico dresses, eight dolls, nineteen baby rattles. Miscellaneous, lent 2,400 times, shook hands 14,770 times, talked 1,600 patent office reports full, held 122 horses, 125 babies, kindled six kitchen fires, cut two cords of wood, pulled ninety bundles fodder, lent seventeen buckets of water, hung out one washing of clothes, put up three stoves, got dog bit twice, got my watch smashed by a corn sheller, lent out three barrels flour, eight bushels meal, seventy-five pounds bacon, eighteen pounds butter, five dozen eggs, three umbrellas, thirteen lead pencils, one Bible, one dictionary, one moving blade, one hoe, one pair pants, none of which have been returned. Called opponent a perambulating liar, doctor's bill \$10, had two arguments with my wife resulting in destruction of flower vase one dish, one shirt blown, 10 cents worth sticking plaster; had it proved in public that my great-uncle was a cannibal, that my grandmother wore hoops, that I will die in the penitentiary, that my baby will be worth a million in bonds, that my son will have twenty-nine children, all girls; spent \$3.81 travelling and sundry expenses, and I come see, oh yes! I left the other at home, will get 'em and bring 'em this evening and then I want you to add up and

divide and tell me how much the 911 votes cost me, divide in all those items separately you see one vote to so many dollars and so many potatoes and handshakes, and cannibals, and front teeth and so on and so on. All run into fractions you see, and then you can go on and calculate how long these things would run Memphis during the yellow fever and how many eight day clocks the time I spent would buy, how many threshers and how many grist mills and how many trains of cars, from here to Richmond, filled with pig iron could be moved by the power and energy I spent in the race and, oh you can make lots of beautiful statistics out of them and when I bring you the other this evening, lots and lots of them. He left, and we have not seen him since.

THE CURRENT LAPSED.

But the Elderly Spinster Thought the Young Man Was Trying to Kiss Her.

A young Cleveland man, asserts *The Plain Dealer*, claims to have been placed in a very embarrassing predicament last Saturday evening. He says he was calling on a certain young lady who resides in a fashionable down town apartment house, and as she happened to have gone out with her mother, but was expected to return shortly, he said he would wait in their parlor. The servant ushered him in, and he was surprised to find that another caller was also waiting. It was a lady caller, a tall, somewhat angular person, of unquestionable age, with white gloves and a very large black hat.

Left alone with this lady, the young man felt a little uneasy. He hadn't contracted for a silent tete-tete with a lone female in a strange house. For a time he sat stiffly quiet. Then, as the silence grew oppressive, he arose and busied himself inspecting the pictures and bric-a-brac. As he moved along one side of the apartment, keeping at a safe distance from the stranger in the big hat, he happened to approach the electric button that controlled the light in the room. He had his eyes glued to a water-color hanging on the wall close by, when, to his amazement, the lights suddenly went out, leaving the apartment in total darkness.

Of course it was owing to an accident at the power house, but the young man didn't know that, and naturally expected the lights would immediately flash up again.

An instant after the eclipse set in there was a sharp gasp from the direction of the lady with the big hat.

"You—did that a purpose," she shrilly remarked. "I saw you standing by the button."

The young man wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"I assure you madam," he said, "that I had nothing to do with it. It must be some—some lapse in the current, or something."

"You did it," continued the shrill voice, "because you wanted to kiss me."

"No, no, madam!" cried the young man; "no, no! I wouldn't kiss you for the world!"

Then in his desire to escape he started toward the supposed location of the door.

"Don't move," cried the lady, "or I'll scream."

He halted for a moment, then softly crept along the wall again.

"I hear you," cried the lady. "Don't you dare come near me!"

"Madam," said the exasperated youth, "nobody wants to harm a hair of your head."

"That's just what the burglar said the night our house was robbed," moaned the lady.

"But I must find the door," said the youth. "We can't stay in here indefinitely in the dark."

"I should think not," snapped the lady. "But don't you dare to come this way. If you do, I'll stab your face with a hat-pin! And don't you think you can fool me. I hear your miserable squeaky shoes every step you take."

"Perhaps," said the youth, for his sense of humor was beginning to return, "it would be well to take them off?"

"Mercy, no," cried the lady; "don't you dare to."

Then the youth felt his way forward, guided as to the lady's location by sundry sniffs and starts of alarm, and after he had run squarely into the mantel, and banged against a screen, and tumbled over a footstool and several chairs, he finally found the door-knob and bounced into the hall. It was pitch dark, but almost immediately he saw a servant coming up the stairs with a lamp.

"Show me the way out of this," said the youth, and the servant escorted him to the front door. As he stepped on the sidewalk he drew a long refreshing breath. He insists upon calling it a narrow escape.

A Word to Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a clubfoot, don't let him know you ever saw it.

If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing.

If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running.

If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner.

If there is a dull one, help him learn his lesson.

If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before.

If a larger or stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.—HORACE MANN.

A Cure for Small-Pox.

Mr. D. Reeves, who has been with Eccles & Bryan since '71 hands the *Observer* a clipping which he culled from a newspaper 12 years ago. He believes in the recipe and as small pox talk is in the country now, the *Observer* reproduces it for what it is worth.

A correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury* writes to that journal as follows: "I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man if the worst case of small-pox cannot be effectually cured in three days simply cream-of-tartar. This is the sure and never-failing remedy: One ounce of cream-of-tartar dissolved in a pint of boiling water, to be drunk when cold at short intervals. It can be taken any time, and is a preventive as well as a curative. It is known to have cured in a hundred cases without a failure. I myself have restored hundreds by this means. It never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and always prevents tedious lingering. If the people would only try it, and report the cures to you, you would require to employ many columns if you gave them publication." In sending the foregoing to the *Chicago Tribune*, a well-known remark that it is a well-known treatment of Dr. Charles Rose, of Dork, England.

Same Thing.

Bond—"Don't you realize that marriage broadens a man?"

Benedict—"Oh! yes, I suppose it can be put that way. But 'broadens' is the word I've always used."—Puck.

They Go to Church.

The seasons yesterday in South Carolina against the crime of murder were addressed directly to a class who furnish very few murderers. Yet we hope that because of the energy and earnestness and generalness of the movement it will in due course be felt by those who shun Christianity and the State by the shedding of innocent blood.—*State*, 20th.

"Very, very few?" How often do we read, in accounts of personal encounters that may or may not result in bloodshed "the parties are all highly connected," or they "belong to the best families in the country." We presume that no one will question the statement that the best families in every county in South Carolina attend church, as do nearly all those who are "highly connected." Did the criminal classes not draw recruits from the better element, their ranks would soon become so thin as to be under easy control. Crime is self-destructive, and its victims must be replaced from the better classes. To prevent defection and thus cut off the supply of recruits is a very important part of the preacher's work.

By the way, only a day or two ago a contemporary, speaking of Bishop Capers' address, remarked that it was useless to preach to criminals. Again we frequently see and hear the opinion expressed that penal laws can do comparatively little to suppress crime; the moral sense of the people must be elevated by the influence of the gospel.

In view of this diversity of suggestion, the preachers may be supposed to be at a loss to know which way to direct their efforts. They might, however, try the injunction, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they, both shall be alike good." This injunction is not claimed as original, but is quoted verbatim from very excellent authority, which some of our readers may possibly recognize.

It is hardly necessary to add that we do not understand the *State*, in the remark we have taken for a text, as objecting to preaching on the subject of murder, it rather commends it. It is only suggesting one of the difficulties in the way of reaching the trouble.

There is one more day, the first Monday in January, on which an impecunious and illiterate man can get in on the "understanding clause." After that in order to register he must pay tax on \$300 worth of property, or be able to read fairly or indifferently well, according to his complexion.

A Pleasant Trip.

Dark clouds lowered, threatening rain every hour as we began our trip to the country last week. Fortunately about sundown the clouds disappeared, and the King of day showed his bright face. Our first stop was with Mr. S. M. McDill, who was busily engaged running a grist mill. He is one of those farmers that make their own hog and hominy, and as a consequence success has crowned his efforts.

When war broke upon the land, he displayed heroic devotion to the Southern cause. He passed safely through all the engagements in which his command, the Sixth Regiment, participated, with one exception when he was slightly wounded. At the close of the war he began the recuperation of his wasted fortune on a capital of ten cents.

Proceeding on our journey, we passed Catholic church, a very old organization, whose centennial anniversary was celebrated many years ago. Rev. Wm. Banks delivering the address.

For showing us the country we are indebted to Mr. N. Young, who is a son of Mr. H. Young, whose death occurred about one year ago, and who exercised considerable political influence in his day.

We rested a while with our friend, Mr. James Jones, who has a beautiful home near the line between Chester and Fairfield counties. He is one of the largest and most successful farmers in Fairfield county. He raises mules, cattle, hogs, in fact everything he needs on his plantation. He believes that South Carolina is well adapted to raising stock as Kentucky. His profits this year in selling cattle were \$1,000. He was a member of Morgan's command and bears to this day in his face the mark made by a minnie ball. His wife is a tall Kentucky lady, and presides with ease and grace over the domestic household. While she loves the State of her adoption, yet her affections cling to Kentucky.

Retracing our steps through Morgantown, which has one point the highest in Chester county, we turned our face in the direction of Rocky Mount. This place is not far from the Catawba Falls, which has water power surpassed by none in the State. The outlook for the utilization of this magnificent water power is hopeful. A power plant could be built there capable of generating sufficient electricity to run all the cotton mills in the surrounding towns. What say our home and foreign capitalists?

We made a brief stop with Mr. W. S. Sibley, who was a member of the First Regiment of S. C. Regulars during the late war. Speaking of the duel between Calhoun and Rhett, he exonerated the latter from all blame in the unhappy affair.

Continuing our onward journey, we passed Mr. Pickett McCullough's residence, which many years ago was the home of Rev. Phillip Pickett, a Methodist minister of considerable note in his day. We were glad to meet again our old friend, Mr. George W. Kirkpatrick, one of our best farmers. He showed us two fine mules of his own raising. His successful career disproves the general opinion that there is no money in farming. He is chairman of his township board, and consequently a member of the county board of commissioners. In his opinion the present system of county government is an improvement upon the old.

In going from the Bascomville road out to the Rossville road we met Mr. W. S. Brown, who recently lost his dwelling. He has erected on the same site a neat, pretty cottage. He contemplates moving to Rock Hill or some other town with the view of obtaining the benefit of school advantages.

On the road to Richburg we passed the homes of a number of good men. This is a desirable portion of Chester county, the country being comparatively level, and the land good.

In order to refresh the "inner man" we tarried a little while at the home of Mr. James Blaney. He was absent, but we felt into good hands when his wife and daughter took care of us. A few years ago he was a humble laborer, but by indomitable energy he has succeeded in accumulating considerable property.

Changing our course, we were not long in reaching that substantial bridge over Rocky Creek. Considerably fatigued, we found a comfortable rest with our friends, Mr. Thomas Peden and his brother, Mr. Andrew. Peden They are good, substantial men, such as form the backbone of our country. Mr. Thomas Peden lived for some time at Taylorsville, N. C., but he is back, convinced by experience, the best of all teachers, that Chester county is the best place after all. We were charmed with his mother, his wife, and daughter. They were each the soul of hospitality.

We stopped to see Mr. J. T. McDill, but unfortunately he was not at home. He comes of Revolutionary stock, who did their duty faithfully in those trying days. On our return we passed old Purty church. What sacred mem-

ories thrilled our hearts. There we worshipped in our boyhood days, and there impressions were made that have continued with us through-out life's journey.

The Broad River Steamboat.

The Hickory Grove and Lockhart Shoals transportation and navigation company seems to be in a comatose condition. They now have on their hands a river steamboat, but it is like a white elephant. When the boat was built, it was found that the bed of the river was rocky and dangerous, so a good deal of blasting was done, and then it was found that sand-banks constantly changing their position so impeded navigation as to make the project impracticable, and it has been abandoned.—*Yorkville Yeoman*.

Dr. W. G. White and Mrs. White went over to Providence, Union county, N. C., last Monday to spend several days. The doctor took advantage of the opportunity to go bird hunting, and had a day or two of good fun.—*Yorkville Yeoman*.

We have letters from Wolling crowded out of this issue.

PROFESSIONAL.

R. B. CALDWELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Walker Bldg., CHESTER, S. C.
Prompt and careful attention given to all business. Will practice in this and adjoining counties.

J. B. ATKINSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTER, S. C.
(Office over DeVega Drug store)
Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to me. Collections a specialty.

PRYOR & MCKEE,
DRUGGISTS.
Prescriptions a Specialty.

Teachers and Others
Having official business with me will please take notice that my office days are Mondays and Saturdays.
W. D. KNOX,
County Superintendent of Education.

THEO. L. SHIVER,
POPULAR BARBER.
NEXT DOOR TO FAIRVIEW HOTEL.

J. W. CROCKETT,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Next door to Stahl's Jewelry Store.

NOTICE!

What is it? Why, it's a big rush to get to the KIMBALL HOUSE, where is the Kimball House? Down on Gadsden Street. What house is it? Why, at that noble—

Big 4 Restaurant
where meals and hot lunches are served from morning until night. The bill of fare hangs between the two dining rooms all the time. FRESH FISH and OYSTERS daily, and served on short notice. Fancy Groceries and Confectioneries. We also keep ICE on hands all the winter. Your humble servants,
JOHNSON & CO.
PHONE 74.

Below COST!

We have a selection of very ARTISTIC PICTURES, consisting of "Yards," facsimile Water Colors, Etchings, Artotypes, etc., which we will sell—

Below Actual Cost, to close them out.

NOTHING NICER than a Nice Picture for a Christmas remembrance.

CHILDS & EDWARDS.
Dec. 7, '97.

Desirable Property For Sale in Blackstock.

For sale on easy terms, my dwelling and lot, consisting of six acres of well improved land, good garden, well of excellent water, good barn including stables, carriage and wagon house, smoke house and other conveniences. Also my office building, consisting of three rooms which could easily be converted into a nice store room. If not sold within a short time, I will rent to reliable parties.
JAMES B. BIGHAM.

Sale of Valuable Securities by the Executors of Wm. D. Sterling, Dec'd.

By virtue of the power conferred upon us in the last will of Wm. D. Sterling, deceased, we will sell at public auction, on Monday the 23rd day of January, 1898, at 12 o'clock M. (on Monday) all the following securities to wit:

Three \$5000 first mortgage Bonds of the Carolina & Northwestern Railway Company, bearing five per cent. interest payable in May and November; also three \$5000 Income Bonds of said Railway Company; also eighteen \$5000 shares of Right to Stock in said company; also balance due on the shares of the capital stock of the National Bank of Chester, S. C. in liquidation; also note or judgment for \$4000 against J. Brown Wiley. Terms cash.
W. B. THOMPSON,
E. CRAIG,
Executors of W. D. Sterling, dec'd.

Sale of Land.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, Chester County.
By virtue of the power vested in me by the last will of Elizabeth Knox, late of said county and State, I will sell at public outcry before the Court House door in Chester, on the first Monday (3rd day) of January, 1898, after the Sheriff's and Clerk's sales, all the following described premises, to wit: The "Home tract" in said county and State, containing 291 1-2 acres, more or less, bounded by the lands of estate of Elizabeth Knox, deceased, known as the Smith place, J. W. Knox, the Home place above described, and lands of J. A. Marion's estate.

Also that other tract known as the "Home tract" in said county and State, containing 90 acres, more or less, bounded by the Kitchens estate, F. L. Jones, the Home tract above described and Mrs. A. Ferguson. Plans will be found in office of Henry & McIvor, attorneys.

Terms of sale Cash and the day of sale. Purchaser or purchasers to pay for papers.
J. K. HENRY,
Att. and Att'y. of Heirs of Elizabeth Knox, dec'd.
November 24, 1897.

Tax Returns for 1898.

CHESTER, S. C., December 1, 1897. In accordance with law, the tax books for the return of REAL and PERSONAL property for 1898, will be opened on JANUARY 1st, 1898, and closed on FEBRUARY 20th, 1898, after which time the FIFTY per cent. penalty will attach to delinquents.

Section 1, Art. No. 283 of the General Assembly of South Carolina, provides as follows: "It shall be the duty of all persons who are required by law to make returns of personal property, to make full returns of all real estate, and improvements thereon, between the 1st day of January and the 30th day of February, 1898, at the same time in every fourth year thereafter." The Comptroller General, by circular letter, instructs me to call the attention of merchants to section 229 of the General Statutes, and the attention of manufacturers to section 230, at the time of making their respective returns. Blanks to enable them to comply with the requirements of said section, will be furnished.

All male persons between the ages of 18 and 60, are liable to poll tax, except those exempt by law.
W. M. CORRIEL,
Auditor Chester County.

S. M. Jones & Co.

BIG SALE!

Great Reduction! 30 Days Only!

WE MUST MOVE OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF

Dress Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes,

Hats, Carpets, Matting, Blankets, Groceries, Etc.

We Offer this \$30,000 Stock positively at a reduction of 15 to 25 per cent.

We Offer Special Reduction in Dress Goods.

25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$7.00, now \$5.00
25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$6.00, now \$4.00
25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$5.00, now \$3.50
25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$4.00, now \$3.00
Come before this beautiful line is closed out. They are going fast and can't be duplicated.
20 pieces Ladies' Dress Cloth, in all shades, former price 75c, now 65 c.
See our line of Silk Velvets, largest line in the City.
25 pieces, in all the shades, prices 50c, 75c and \$1.00.
5 pieces Black, prices 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.
100 pieces all-Wool Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, in all shades, now going at 25 cts.
100 pieces Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, in all the newest shades, now going at 20 cts.
200 pieces Dress Goods, double width, all shades, will be closed out at 12 1-2 cts.
150 pieces Black Cashmeres, Henrietta, Serges, &c. Greatest bargains ever offered in Chester.
See our line of all-Wool Serge at 25 and 30 cts.
25 Black Henriettas at 25 cts., worth 40 cts.
25 Black Henriettas at 50 cts., worth 75 cts.
Silk Warps Henriettas at \$1 and \$1.50.

FLANNEL AND BLANKET DEPARTMENT.

25 pieces all-Wool Red Twill Flannel at 12 1-2 cts., worth 20 cts.
25 pieces all-Wool Medicated Flannel at 15 cts., worth 25 cts.
50 pieces all-Wool Medicated Flannel at 20 to 35 cts.
25 pieces White Plain and Twill at 12 1-2 to 15 to 20 cts.
See our line of Blankets. Must be sold! 500 pairs from 75 cts. to \$1.00.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

5 bales Checked Homespun at 3 cts.
10 bales Checked Homespun at 4 cts.
10 bales 4-4 Unbleached Sheetings at 4 cts., worth 5 cts.
10 bales 4-4 Unbleached Sheetings at 5 cts., worth 6 1-4 cts.
You will never have this opportunity again to buy Domestic at the above prices. These prices are lower than 4 cts. cotton.

JEANS, DICKEY'S KERSEY AND CASSEMERES.

Largest line in the upcountry going at a sacrifice. We offer: 50 pieces at 10 cts., worth 15 cts. 50 pieces at 12 1-2 cts., worth 20 cts. 50 pieces at 15 cts., worth 25 cts. 25 pieces at 20 and 25 cts., worth 40 cts. See this line of Pants Cloth before buying. You will save big money. 100 pieces of Calico, Fast Colors, 3 cts. 100 pieces of Calico, Fast Colors, 5 cts., selling anywhere at 7 cts. 2 cases Indigo Blues at 5 cts., just received.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

We are Headquarters in this line. See our line of MISSES' and WOMAN'S SHOES at 75 cts., worth \$1.00.
Our \$1.00 Shoes is the talk of the entire Country. It can't be duplicated no where. Our line of the Celebrated—
"LILLY BRACKET," SELZ SCHWAB and SACH'S SHOES, all guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Each of these lines are well known—need no recommendation.
Our stock of BOOTS and RUBBERS are also complete.

CLOTHING, CLOTHING, CLOTHING!

Great reduction—must be sold at or below Cost. We will positively not carry any Goods over. We therefore commence today and will LAUGHTER PRICES.
If you want the best all-Wool suit in the State for \$4.00, we have it. If you want the best BLACK CHEVIOT SUIT at \$3.00, we have it. 50 BOYS' and YOUTH'S SUITS, 4 to 15 years old, at 65c, worth \$1.00 50 BOYS' and YOUTH'S SUITS, at \$1.00 to \$1.50.
See our line from \$1.25 to \$5.00—all to be sold at a reduction of 25 to 40 per cent. at and below cost.
WE OFFER—50 Black and Blue Clay Worsted Suits, Sacks and Cutaways, at \$5.00, worth \$8.00.
See our line of BUSINESS SUITS, \$5.00 to \$10.00, and you will be convinced we are making prices to discount 4 cts. cotton. Such Bargains would not be offered if cotton was selling at 7 cents. COME and buy Clothing and all other Goods on the basis of 5 cts. cotton.

UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT!

Are you in need of anything in this line? See our 20 cts. net-vest, selling everywhere at 25 cts. See our 50 cts. line, 60 per cent. wool, guaranteed, selling elsewhere at 75 cts.
Our \$1.00 Vest is a beauty, former price \$1.50.
LADIES' WRAPS, CAPES, JACKETS, Etc.
100 Capes at \$1, worth \$1.50. 200 Capes and Jackets \$1.25, worth \$2. 100 Capes and Jackets \$1.50, worth \$2.00.
100 Capes and Jackets from \$2.50 to \$10.00.
We are having a big run on Wraps. Just received large assortment of Plush Capes, which will go at the reduction of 25 per cent.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTH, MATTING!

If you wish a Carpet we are the people to see. We will save you the solid cash. See our line of Rugs and Carpet Remnants. 1,000 pieces Carpet Remnants at 20 cts. per piece. See our line of HATS and CAPS are also large and subject to your discount. We sell Hats at and below cost. They must go out of the house in order to realize the cash.
Groceries, Hardware, Saddles, Harness, Plows, &c.
If you wish \$125 worth of Groceries for \$1 come to S. M. JONES & Co. Do you wish a Saddle, Buggy and Harness? If so, call on us, and we will save you money.
We have the stuff. It must be converted into cash. Remember we do not carry over any stock. We do not believe it is business to carry goods from one year to another. Quick sales and small profits if we can, if not quick sales and no profit.

WAGONS! WAGONS! BUGGIES! BUGGIES!

Do you wish the best Wagon on earth? If so, buy the celebrated STUDEBAKER. It runs light as a carriage.
We have sold (3) three carriages this season. The people know a good thing when they see it. Don't buy cheap Wagons when you can buy the best make at the same price.
We have just received 100 Bushels of the genuine Little Red May Wheat for Seed.
We also have Rye, Barley and Home Raised Oats for Seed.
Give us a call, and you will be convinced S. M. JONES & CO. is the store to get the most and the best goods for the least money.
Yours truly,
S. M. JONES & CO.

THE LANTERN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, CASH.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1897.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Advertisements inserted under this head at ten cents a line.
No advertisements inserted as reading matter.

For Rent—Six room house on Pine street. Apply to Jos. A. Walker.

Holiday Goods going cheap at Hamilton's Bookstore—call before you buy.

Leave Orders at Jos. A. Walker's for choice, crisp, tender Celery, from Kalamazoo, for Christmas.

Blank Receipts—Printed on good white paper, and bound in books of 100 each, for sale at this office.

LOCAL NEWS.

The fashionable cry is, "Don't hit my arm."

The top of the Chester cotton market this morning is 5:22.

The Knights of Pythias are arranging for a banquet.

The Epworth League had an enjoyable meeting at Mrs. Patterson's yesterday evening.

Miss Patsy McCollum, of the Baton Rouge neighborhood, died on last Sunday.

Don't fail to read the business locals. You may find there the very thing you are looking for.

Mr. David Sexton of the southern part of the county, died last night, aged 85. Burial at Catholic church this afternoon.

Mrs. Harrison Gregory, who is a patient at Dr. S. W. Pryor's sanitarium, is still living, but her condition is critical.

Capt. Allen Jones, one of Columbia's most substantial citizens, arrived in the city this morning. His friends are glad to see him.

Mr. W. A. Eudy, the efficient bookkeeper of S. M. Jones & Co., has been quite sick with tonsillitis. We are glad to report his convalescence.

Messrs. F. J. Atkinson, W. S. Martin, and J. B. Betts passed through last night on their way home from Erskine College to spend the holidays.

Two of the Saluda street belles called on THE LANTERN yesterday afternoon. They didn't want their names in the paper—only wanted to see the press run. They will call again.

The Young Ladies' Book Club will receive at the residence of Mrs. Youngblood this evening. They are indulging in joyous anticipations of a happy time.

Mr. S. A. Hood, the handsome and accommodating salesman at the beautiful store of S. M. Jones & Co., spent last Sunday in Wadesboro, N. C. He was there on important business.

Our physicians are principally engaged at the present time in the good work of vaccination. There are many who will not submit to the operation unless compelled by the strong arm of the law.

The many friends of Capt. F. H. Barber, of Rock Hill, were pleased to see him in our town yesterday. Notwithstanding the small pox scare, he looked as well and as smiling as ever.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Massey, of our town, regret to hear of the latter's extremeness. Her physician, Dr. S. G. Miller, regards her case as hopeless.—Later: Mrs. Massey died this morning at 7:00 o'clock.

A saloon can no more be run without using up boys than a spinning mill without wheat, or a saw-mill without logs. The only question is, whose boys? your boys or mine—our boys or our neighbors?

A high licentiate believes in putting whiskey into a boy through a \$1.00 funnel, and then putting the boy into the gutter; a prohibitionist believes in putting the whiskey into the gutter and saving the boy.

Mr. John Frazer, the popular proprietor of one of our lively stables, has given a big turkey to each one of his employees. They will at the proper time make a meal of the big-souled son of the Emerald Isle.

A thief invaded Rev. Mr. McClaughlin's premises on last Sunday and carried off an umbrella, a pair of rubbers, an ax, and a turkey gobler. The preacher leveled his pistol at him and he unloaded. He was arrested.

Sudden Marriage.

Dr. H. E. McConnell and Solicitor Henry went over to Limestone and Dr. McConnell and Miss Marie Russell Bailey were married in the Cooper Limestone Institute at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Rev. B. P. Robinson officiating. They came to Mr. Henry's last night and left for McConnellsville this morning.

Girls' Social Club.

The Girls' Social Club was organized last week with 16 members. The meetings are held at the homes of the several members, the hostess acting as president for the time. They will have a meeting this evening at the home of Miss Ray Wachtel.

The Club will give a reception at the home of Miss Hattie Stevens, on Wednesday evening the 22nd, 8 to 12 o'clock.

Why Do We Still Thirst?

We have been requested to inquire why private connections cannot be made with the water pipes, now that the piping is all laid, the standpipe completed, and the pumps running. The authorities in control may regard this as the desired inquiry. In the meantime, however, we will volunteer the information we have, viz, that there can be no tampering with the pipes as laid by the contractors until the test is completed and the work accepted—for obvious reasons.

A Precocious Heifer.

Mr. W. H. P. McMurray, of the Jacksonham neighborhood, has a heifer which has just found a calf, that has been giving on an average of a gallon of milk a day for the past six months. This is something unusual—indeed it is the only case of the kind we have ever heard of.—Lancaster Ledger

Mr. R. A. Love tells us that there was a similar case somewhere about Richburg in this county, a few years ago, but he does not know the age of the animal. We knew of a heifer near Gastonia, N. C., a few years ago, that had been giving milk from the time she was a small calf, started by children milking her in play. She was perhaps a year old when we saw her. We have no doubt that such precocity would be common if encouraged, but naturally it would seem to be injurious.

Landsford Organized.

At a meeting of the farmers of Landsford township on the 18th inst. the Landsford township Cotton Growers' Association was organized. The following officers were elected: Joseph Nunneery, president; C. T. Minors, vice-president; W. B. Cox, secretary. The president was authorized to appoint twenty delegates to represent the township in the county cotton growers convention which is to meet at the court house on the first Monday in January.

The following are the delegates: Joseph Nunneery, W. B. Cox, C. W. McFadden, C. T. Minors, N. Hudson, H. M. Ross, J. H. Kirkpatrick, S. E. Killian, J. A. Thomas, Jr., I. W. Dye, A. O. Pitman, J. L. Rape, W. A. Drennan, J. T. McFadden, H. C. Thomas, A. W. McFadden, W. B. Crosby, R. M. Cross, R. C. Stevenson, S. Friedheim, and R. B. Johnson.

30 MULES.

Just in, 30 choice mules, now at Frazer's stables, Chester, S. C., for inspection. Auction Thursday, December 23, a choice lot of young stock, all sizes. Come in and examine and take your pick early.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Samuel Leard, of Bascomville, spent Monday in the city.

Dr. R. E. Moore, of McConnellsville, spent Saturday in the city.

Mrs. Mamie Miller is visiting the family of her father, Mr. Wm. Lindsay.

Mr. T. L. Craig, of Gastonia, N. C., spent Sunday night in the city.

Miss Eva Moore returned last evening from a visit of a few days in Charleston.

Rev. Mr. Hutson and wife, of Richburg, spent Saturday in the city.

Miss Daisy Griffith, of Charlotte, will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Aiken during the holidays.

Miss Mabelle Luce, of New Orleans, is visiting Miss Bertha Stahn, on York Street.

Mr. L. D. Bingham, of the Manufacturers' Record, paid us a short but very agreeable call Friday.

Misses Bessie Graham and Lillian Carroll are at the New York Racket for the holiday season.

Miss Laura Bellows, of Beaufort, who is teaching school at McConnellsville, spent Saturday in the city.

Miss Mary Thompson, of Blackstock, has been visiting with Miss Tattie Boulware and other friends.

Mrs. Henrietta Hood and son, Hugh, have moved to town. They occupy Mr. Stahn's house, on Academy street.

Mr. James E. Hayes, one of the contractors for the electric lights, left for his home in New York last week.

Miss Genie Miller, of Charleston, is spending the holidays with Mr. W. M. Leckie's family, on Centre street.

Mr. F. M. Boyd, who is taking a course in electricity at Washington, D. C., came home last Friday night to spend the holidays with his wife.

Chester's Opportunity.

We again call attention to that dam at the Columbia street culvert. It is in violation of the laws of the State. It is an obstruction to navigation and the passage of fish. While this dam remains, no boats of any size can pass, and it furnishes an argument to the moss-backs who are opposing the proposition to purchase from the Hickory Grove and Lockhart Shoals Navigation Company the steamboat which they have on hand and cannot operate in Broad river. Every obstacle to this deal should be quickly removed. Chester will probably never have another such opportunity to secure navigation. The H. G. & L. S. N. Co., are very, very sick of the "white elephant" they have on their hands. They will sell it for a nominal sum, on any terms, provided only they can get it out of their sight.

The talk of making Columbia street the head of navigation is not to be thought of. There is no suitable harbor on that side of the city, besides, the stream is just as navigable above the dam as below it, and a much larger area could enjoy the blessings. Only a short canal would be necessary, at high tide, to connect with Grass Run, and this achievement would open up immense possibilities.

Then the fish question. We shall at least insist that a gateway for the passage of fish be placed in the dam, as prescribed by act of the legislature, before shall start on their upstream lark next spring. The inhabitants near all the tributaries of this noble stream could employ all their leisure hours fishing next spring. The employment at least would be ample; whatever amount of food might be obtained would be clear gain.

If the dam were removed and the canal scheme which we have suggested were carried out, the population of our manufacturing suburbs, who are afflicted with a chronic and obstinate case of shut-out, could seek food in the waters, and make sure of no end of employment; it would require every

one of them to man the boat and put her through successfully. Let Chester secure that steamboat, and let us have that dam removed. We suggest that the pounds of dynamite (we have a special reason for naming that particular amount) be placed under it, and that the miscreant who constructed it be accorded the honor of touching it off and remaining to observe the result. He probably would never enjoy a voyage on our steamboat, but he would have the distinction of making a journey in more different directions at the same time than any of the navigators, and would have his satisfaction of dams.

Cotton Receipts.

As a cotton market, Chester, both in receipts and price, ranks next to Anderson.

On last Thursday the receipts were about 600 bales. The receipts for the week ending Saturday last were 2,000 bales, making an average of over 350 bales per day. The above receipts were from wagons, showing Chester to be in the front rank as a cotton market. We do not of course include Charleston and Columbia whose receipts by railroad may be heavier.

Feasterville and Welling Items.

Miss Leila Weir, of the Halsellville community, and Miss Whiteside of York county, have been visiting Miss Fannie Hill.

Maj. C. W. Faucette, who has been confined to the house for some time, is able to be up and about again.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Boulware, of the Crosbyville section, visited Mr. W. I. Price and family not long since.

Mr. John R. Feaster, of the Buckhead community, is visiting here.

Mr. R. R. Clark, of Union, was visiting in this community last Sunday.

Messrs. John and Sam Douglass were in this community last Sunday.

Mr. Frank Ayers, of the Southern R. R., was in our midst on last Sunday.

Mr. W. I. Mobley, has moved to Chester, where he will be associated with Mr. D. B. Crosby in the machine shop.

Mr. James Lewis, a quiet, unassuming, and law-abiding citizen, died on the third inst. His remains were interred in the Coleman burying ground, near the residence of Mr. S. S. Coleman.

Some of our sportsmen have been enjoying themselves shooting ducks on McLure's Creek.

Mr. W. J. Keller is travelling, soliciting orders for a Chicago clothing house.

The schools of this section have a good attendance of pupils. They are under the management of good efficient teachers.

Dr. R. J. Coleman, our popular physician, has a lucrative practice and is kept pretty busy riding.

A deaf and dumb man from Spartanburg, passed through this section yesterday. He is repairing shoes, and he is liberally rewarded. Our sympathies go out to persons in a similar condition.

I see you all are going to have several candidates for Congress in the Fifth district. I feel like hollering three cheers for J. K. Henry. Mr. Henry has many friends in the Feasterville section who would be glad to see him elected to Congress. Mr. Henry is essentially a man of the people, of the common, plain people, whom Abraham Lincoln said God loves so well. Without the advantages that many of our young men enjoy in the way of wealth, Mr. Henry has won his way from a plow-boy on the farm to enviable position of the front rank of our foremost advocates at the bar. Like Abraham Lincoln, these are the kind of men to send to congress, men who are bone of bone, and sinew of sinew, of the industrial classes, men who are in touch with the demands of the masses. All other qualifications being equal, I have always given preference in voting for the man who has struggled with poverty and obscurity, and who by his own industry, intellect, and perseverance, has made an effort to accomplish something for himself.

R. R. J.

Don't Put Off!

Remember the Twenty-five per cent. Reduction at R. BRANDT'S JEWELRY STORE.

The Biggest, Brightest Stock ever Shown in the Four Counties.

Come early and select your presents. Have you seen the Celebrated "WAVE CREST" Ware? Hand painted. It makes handsome presents.
Lady's Solid 14k watches, complete, for \$24.00, at \$18.00. \$40.00 watches at \$30.00 EVERYTHING REDUCED LIKEWISE.
Buy the original and genuine "ROGERS" Knives and Forks, reduced from \$2.25 to \$1.70 per set.
All Fine China and Cut Glass reduced twenty-five per cent.

R. BRANDT, The Jeweler,

Under Tower Clock, CHESTER, S. C.

ALL WOOL CASSIMERE

AND

Worsted Suits

Worth \$10. Going at \$7.50

All Wool Suits, worth \$7.50, going

at \$5.00, at

Jos. Wylie AND COMPANY'S.

Big Sale of CROCKERY!

To move our large stock of CROCKERY, we will offer for the next thirty days—

Crockery, Glass, and Lamps

at prices never before heard of in Chester. In these lines we have everything from the very finest to the cheapest. These goods have all been bought from Factories, and they will be sold at great reductions. We mean business.

Yours truly,

ROSBOROUGH & McLURE

CHESTER HAND LAUNDRY.

All kinds of Laundry work done by hand—no torn clothes. Everything in first-class style and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. H. LUM, (Under Old Fellows Hall).

Born to Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Mackrell, Thursday, Dec. 16th, 1897—a son.—Lancaster Ledger.

MELTON & HARDIN.

We carry in Stock Fresh Lines of everything usually found in a First Class Grocery, and can suit all tastes, from the Plainest to the most Fastidious.

We Shall be Glad

For you to call and inquire as to what we can do for you in the way of qualities and prices.

Melton & Hardin,

CHESTER, S. C.

Notice.

To the Creditors of the Estate of Caleb P. Shurley:
All persons having claims against the estate of Caleb P. Shurley, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same properly proven to the undersigned, at Conwell's, 844
THOS. C. STROUD, JR.
Adm'r. of Caleb P. Shurley's Estate.

GILLIED MOON'S SPECULATION.

By E. R. ORANT.

(Copyright, 1897, by the Author.)
CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.

Suddenly she shrank back with agonizing horror, for she saw blood stains upon her hands. Poor Laney! She had quite forgotten that she had handled the wildest. She groaned in pitiful terror while she replaced the money in the box and placed the rabbit upon it. Her cousin had suffered a wound, for she had been in the fight. She berated herself for it as she brushed up the hands and put the rabbit away. But she was conquered. She had not yielded to her momentary weakness, and she had recovered all the quicker from the fright.

"It air moe' time far Thaddeus," she said, "an I moe' frigh' an' git my clo's on so's not to keep 'im waitin'." She brought forth from behind the door and closed her in a yellow calico skirt ruffled and furbelowed with bands of purple calico. She put on an ill-fitting basque of gray wince, faded about the neck and bustle, and a pair of shoes which had neither bows and eyes nor buttons upon it. But she lapped it over

The old man turned sharply, and placed it with red thumbs, point over point, like a fence row. She combed her hair and fastened a gray ribbon at the end of her braids, and then she walked to the river bank. "Ed I did her she's now, I'd think a heap o' myself," she said with a little sob as she placed her white, shapely feet upon a rock and waited for Thaddeus. Soon the splash of Thaddeus' green oars caused her to go down the sandy path and meet him.

Laney was usually gay and chatty with the young man, but he soon observed that something was wrong with her, and he questioned her as to the cause. The small boat floated away up the stream. The stars came out, and the milky way, stretching from one brilliant mountain top to another, added a pale light down on the black waters. By the time they reached the shore near where they would have to land, the young logman had discovered the principal reason for Laney's distress.

He resolved to prove himself worthy of the trust he had asked her, and when they walked up the mountain gorge which led to Mooley's cabin in Shady Lane, Laney wore a pair of bright shoes and, better still, a soft, warm crocheted shawl, which Thaddeus had generously purchased at the store. She was never so happy in her life. She forgot that her father had ordered her from his house. She forgot that there was anything in the world to be sorry for, and she rattled by the stony path, triumphant over her shoes. When they reached a level on top of the mountain, they passed through a small wood of beech trees, and the mist from the valley below drifted up, and the full red moon, turning around the cliff, cut long faunal-shaped shadows through the mists and the naked woods with her beaming face.

Thaddeus guided the girl, and they came suddenly into a clearing, where the trees had all been cut from the blackened stumps and rolled down the mountain, and they were in Shady. The name was as inappropriate as possible. It was a barren hilltop. The river wound about its base like a delivery man. Mooley's cabin was before them, and they soon reached the open door.

What a white and cloud were inside the four walls of the cabin! Girls' calico dresses adorning the floor, cowboys' boots, a couple of stumps mingled with the perfume of sweetest wild flowers, and in the air!

"Come right in!" called Isaac Mooley as he spied Thaddeus. "Come on an lead out."

Following Laney's hand, the young fellow walked down the porch, where he was met by the rows of girls and boys, and with many a hearty kick of his boots proceeded to turn them over, while the crowd sang in lusty tones:

The boys did a search,
The girls did an' patch;
We all live together,
In their sweetest paths,
In their sweetest paths,
You, we'll chase their better-half,
Oh, we'll chase their better-half!

dimly have told a young stranger that he was sitting in for his dog. It is to be noted that the dog was away from his cot, pipe to get a full whiff of the very same.

The fire blazed fitfully. The little faded and boiled over. Gillied took up a burning torch and peered, by its light, into the stew. He prodded the meat with his jackknife; but, finding it still tough, he dipped more wood upon it, and so passed over it. Filling his pipe, he sat down for another long smoke.

Toward morning he discovered the meat to be quite tender. He filled it with white slices from the cat's plump hams, and, garnished with spearmint and cold griddle hash, Gillied passed a hearty breakfast as the sun peeped over the tangled brush on Big Sewel mountain.

The dogs also had a good meal from the fragrant fragments which Gillied threw down in the sand for them. Still another service was the dead cat destined to perform. When the soup was cold, Gillied brought forth a gourd and carefully skinned the land from the top of it.

"It air their varry best I luvver hev need for memento," he told his dogs. "Wildket the air there. I think I kin sell this fur cash at their falls, for it air a unique thing for Keshig Hills! God, air I'll tek it up this terday while it's fresh."

He met with a lively reception at the falls. Gillied began to be the best informed man along the river about the dangerous undercurrent, and the deep cavern, and the sunken rocks. When his hearers came that morning, it was met by many others, and the entire little settlement had turned out in the distressing search for a drowned woman. One of the lady guests at the hotel had been out boating and had been thrown on under the tearing falls.

"That's Gillied's Moon," said a man upon seeing him. "Ef he kains' find her, nobody kin."

As to Gillied Moon the heartbroken husband of.

"Air yer willin' ter kin anything?" asked the old man, while his eyes glittered at the prospect of a big reward.

"Fifty dollars."

"That day at the falls he saw the girl stricken husband and child, but he got women. The little dog, stood by him, so the boys, of the dog, which held such fascination for them and clutched his body hand for a moment. What a thrill that lancet touch sent to the quivered old heart! But the steam and sad weather stained countenance of Gillied betrayed not his secret.

As the night he returned was increased, trebled, and old Gillied went forth from his hideous lot to restore the hidden body. His crazy little craft went cruising along the river bank, appearing to great uncertainty. Some fishermen were near, and it was a long time before he could secure his treasure. Then at last he hurried up the hollow, and leaped out and laid upon the sand the creak. He proceeded to lift and cut the cord that held his ghastly speculation.

"Hello, Uncle Gillied!" said a voice at his back. "What her yo' that?" The old man turned sharply, and there stood Laney's cat.

"Der yo'!" he muttered between his yellow teeth. "Der yo, what did yo' kin fer?"

"Oh, Laney, yo' got er prize," said Thaddeus, bringing Thaddeus out for it. Gillied confided in Laney's bean and offered to share the reward for silence.

"By yo' cash," said Green when Gillied finished, "yo' air snowed this time shore. That woman's done been found two mile below here. I seed 'em tuck."

"Then who in God's name hev I got here?" interrupted Gillied Moon, while a gray pall crept up into his leathery cheeks. "Thaddeus, what over the hollow, and leaped out and laid upon the sand the shily, bursting body of Laney."

THE END

Wellington and Napoleon.

There are some interesting stories in the recently published reminiscences of Mr. Corbould, the drawing master to Queen Victoria's children. Here is one of them: "On reaching the palace one morning the Prince of Wales showed me a drawing he had just finished. Napoleon was depicted on horseback leveling a pistol at the Duke of Wellington, who was advancing to cut down his great enemy. While I was looking at the drawing, who should come in but the duke himself. 'Why, the very man who can best criticize my drawing!' cried the prince. 'Now, can you tell me that is on the left?' he went on, presenting the sketch to the duke. Well, replied the latter deliberately, 'Judging from the waistcoat and the cocked hat, I should say it was meant for Napoleon.' 'Right,' said the prince. 'And who is the other figure?' 'By the cut of the jib,' returned the duke calmly, 'I should say it was myself.' 'Right again,' Well, now, is the drawing accurate? That's what I want to know. The duke rose, took down the sketch and then impressively addressed the Prince of Wales: 'My boy, I'm going to tell you something that the English people will realize. I was sent out to keep Napoleon in check; but never in my life have I set eyes on him. Once, in the midst of a battle, some one cried: "Look! The Napoleon!" But I believe I could get the glass to my eye the smoke from a field gun had enveloped him."

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

(Crowded out of last issue.)

Lancaster Ledger.

Mr. J. B. Knight, of the Primus neighborhood, killed twelve partidges at one shot last Monday morning. The only reason why he didn't kill more was because there were just twelve in the covey.

Of the eight new subscribers to *The Ledger* the past week there is one that is 57 years old, that never before has taken a newspaper. He has never been a witness in court, has never been drawn on a jury, in fact, has never been in a court house when court was in session. He served all through the late war, made a good soldier, and was never on extra duty but once, for 15 minutes. He has lived in Lancaster county for the past 28 years.

Lancaster Enterprise.

Mr. John McKeown has moved his family from Fort Lawn to Lancaster.

The question whether we would remain under the old charter or go under the general charter, was also voted on Monday, and resulted by a majority of only two votes in favor of remaining under the old charter. When the votes were counted, they stood 33 yeas and 34 yeas, 60 in all, while there were only 68 voters recorded on the poll list. It was necessary, therefore, to draw out one ballot. The one drawn was a "yes," which reduced the yeas to 33, and showed a majority of two in favor of remaining under the old charter.

Lancaster Review.

Mr. J. H. W. Stevens, of Chester, came over Monday on a visit to Lancaster, his old home.

Mrs. J. P. Marion, of Brownwood, Texas, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. B. Allison, of this place.

Mr. Ward Heath, now manager of the Fishing Creek factory, has been spending a day or so in Lancaster.

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A Boy Will Do

If he is smart, or any one else, for that matter. Let us hear from you, or just go to work and send in your list of five, with ten dollars. If you get up more than ten dollars' worth of new subscriptions, we will send additional copies of THE LANTERN for the excess, or pay you a cash commission, as you prefer.

IF YOU FAIL

To get up ten dollars you will receive the paper at the same rate as above for the amount you do raise.

We Want ANOTHER GIRL

Or a SMART BOY or some one else in every neighborhood to send us items of news regularly. To these we will send THE LANTERN, as long as they send the news regularly, AND NO LONGER.

BUT REMEMBER

We want news items and pleasing personal mention, AND NOT EDITORIALS.

THE FOLLOWING FOR Christmas FIT FOR ANY TABLE

All Best Fancy Goods at Walker's New Store.

Canton Ginger, Celery, Salt, Edam Cheese, Cherries on Straws, Cocoa, Chocolate, Citron, Coconuts, Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Figs, Dates, Cranberries, Walnuts, Hintz's Mince Meat—1, 2 & 3 lbs cans, Almonds, Plum Pudding, Durk's Salad Dressing, Olive Oil, Catsup, Peas, Filberts, Grated Pineapple, Apricots, Crystallized, Lowmy's Fine Chocolates, Coconut Taffy, Peanut Taffy, Pickles—Sweet and Sour.

Oranges, Apples, Bananas, Royal Baking Powder, Best Patent Flour, Icing Sugar, Baker's Chocolate, Bromongelon Jelly—Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry and Cherry, Sweet and Sour.

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Christmas

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Canton Ginger, Celery, Salt	Edam Cheese	Cherries on Straws	Cocoa, Chocolate	Citron, Coconuts	Raisins, Currants	Prunes, Figs, Dates	Cranberries, Walnuts	Hintz's Mince Meat—1, 2 & 3 lbs cans	Almonds, Plum Pudding	Durk's Salad Dressing	Olive Oil, Catsup	Peas, Filberts	Grated Pineapple, Apricots	Crystallized	Lowmy's Fine Chocolates	Coconut Taffy	Peanut Taffy, Pickles—Sweet and Sour.
									<p>Extracts, all flavors and of the best.</p> <p>Full line ground spices</p> <p>Farina, Oatflakes</p> <p>Maple, Corn Starch</p> <p>Malaga Grapes</p> <p>Bon Bons</p> <p>Pudding</p> <p>Oranges, Apples, Bananas,</p> <p>Royal Baking Powder</p> <p>Best Patent Flour</p> <p>Icing Sugar</p> <p>Baker's Chocolate</p> <p>Bromongelon Jelly—Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry and Cherry,</p> <p>Sweet and Sour.</p>								

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